

A

REVIEW

OF THE

STATE

OF THE

BRITISH NATION.

Saturday, December 4. 1708.

AND where's all your great News now ? *Say the Beloved Tory Gentlemen, that are glad of every Disappointment* ; it's all dwindled away to little or nothing, and here has been no Fight, no Victory, not a Word of your mighty Flourishes true ; what did you fire the Guns, and make Bonfires for ; and drink Healths for ? See how foolish you look now, and how you are laugh'd at for all these Things ; pray, *says an honest Jacobite to me to Day*, remember you owe the Nation a Victory, for you have rejoyc'd for it already ; pray take Notice, the next Victory you have, you must make no Bonfires.

Not so fast neither, *Neighbour Jacobite*, say I, you have nothing at all to boast of, but to see how you have bomboczi'd the

Town by our News-mongers, a Thing I have often complain'd of, and now I hope, the People will see into it a little : But after all, we have Victory enough, and Cause of Rejoycing enough ; there has been no Baulk upon us, but our being knavishly told, and our as foolishly believing it, that our Victory was ten times as great as it was—This is the Mischief I have always complain'd of ; and pray, Gentlemen, will you learn to believe our publick Writers with a due Latitude ; even honest *J. T.* himself is not infallible you see ; if you believe half they say, you go far enough—Nay, I am persuaded, you go as far as they can have the Conscience to expect of you—The *Post-Man* is the only Author among them, to speak without Flattery, *the Author being a Stranger*

Stranger to me, that gives you due Caution, and makes Differences between Things certain and Things uncertain; how the rest lump it with the World, how they put the *French* to the Sword, and then raise them from the Dead again, take them Prisoners, and then release them again, was never more visible than it has been now, to the Shame of our whole Nation in several Respects.

And after all, let us examine the Affair of our present News, which some would say is dwindled away; I see nothing little in it, nothing for which the Guns should not be fir'd, or Bonfires made: Let us see the Particulars; the Siege of *Brussels* rais'd, just when the Town was at the Point of Capitulating; the *French* fled with Disgrace, leaving Part of their Cannon behind, and all their wounded Men; the Passage of the *Scheld* open'd, and all the formidable Intrinchements of the Enemy abandon'd, and the Blockade of our Army, which they boasted so much of, rais'd; the Way for our Convoys of Provision and Ammunition to *Lisle*, which so much Stir has been rais'd about, open'd—And all this at one bold March, without any Fighting, not 200 Men kill'd, nor our Army put to any Inconvenience—Is not this worth accepting, worth rejoicing for? Look you, Gentlemen, I'll undertake to shew you twice the Joy on the *French* Side, for half the Advantage at any time—On the other hand, give us such another Advantage over them, and we will not be asham'd of making Bonfires again.

We have nothing to be asham'd of, but this horrid Way of bullying the Nation, running up the Expectations of the People to great Things, as if it were on purpose to make them asham'd afterwards, and by filling our Heads with Noise of Victories we do not gain, lessening the Esteem we ought to have for those we have gain'd. I have often thought this has been a *Jacobite* Plot to expose us, and make our Enemies laugh at us, to draw us into the Folly they themselves are guilty of, and then by shewing how we are baulk'd, make us asham'd, dead-hearted and discontented—Was there ever such a new-fashion'd Way of rubbing off a Victory—We are still

jingled into a mighty Rumour, and rejoice for what we have not—Then we come to be unhook'd again in the middle of our Joy, and this chagrins our Countenances, and we can't so much as smile at what we have, for want of what we have not.

This makes me renew an humble Motion to the great Council of the Nation, that they would take into their serious Consideration to regulate or entirely suppress the present Crowd of Papers, that pester the World, and plague us with eternal Divisions; that impose upon us in publick Accounts, and put the Nation to Shame. And do not be angry, Gentlemen, that a Brother in the Work of Scribbling makes this Motion; I am content to let the whole Number stand together, and let the useless, the deceiving, the false Relater, the Contentious, the Flatterer, the Forger, the Furious, the Implacable, let them all die the Death of a Criminal, be suppress'd, whether it be *Review*, *Rehearsal*, *Observer*, *News-Writer*, *News-Printer*, or by whatsoever Names ye are distinguish'd, and let the Parliament put Limits to the Pen, determine both what is fit to be wrote, and who is fit to write it.

This would put an End to the Paper-War, which has now held Pace with the War abroad, in which so many terrible Battles have been fought, and the 24 Letters have been shot from side to side, with such Fury like Bombs, blowing up Truth, Reputation, Parties and Causes, without Regard to Age, Sex or Condition.

Mr. *Rehearsal* would then cease to insult the Church of *Scotland*, unchristianize the Presbyterians, ungospelize their Ministry, and unchurch their Settlement, in the very Face of the Parliament and the Church of *England*, who have at the same time in the Treaty of Union establish'd them under the Title of the true Protestant Religion—He would then cease to fly in the Face of the Queen, by telling the World, that intruding into Churches in *Scotland* is nothing at all, that there is nothing of Force in the Case—Only that the People being Episcopal, call some Episcopal Clergyman to officiate to them, but without any other way, encroaching or intruding upon the Pref-

Presbyterian Preachers, or their Establishment.

Now, if Mr. *Rebearsal* would put the whole Cause upon the Trial of this Part, or it he would have the World judge of his Candour by the Truth of this Story—I should hope to bring the Debate to a speedy Issue; his Misfortune in this being to stand in direct Opposition to the Truth of Fact, and lay down a Story that with his Pardon has not one Word of Truth in it—It may be true, and this is no Part of his Concern, that there are some Parishes in *Scotland*, where the Lairds being *Jacobite* or *Episcopal*, the People are so too, by the natural Subjection of that poor Nation, to the petty Tyranny of the Gentry; tho' to say there are Parishes where they are all *Episcopal*, and have not one Presbyterian among them, is more than he can prove, EXCEPT in some dark Corners of the *Higblands*, where, *Many Thanks to the Care of the Episcopal Church when it was uppermost*, no Concern was ever shewn to spread the Knowledge of Christ among them, and they know neither GOD nor Devil, Religion or Worship, Presbyterian or Episcopal—*Of which, and the Care now taking to plant Religion among them, I shall speak hereafter.*

But to say,

1. That there are whole Parishes, where the People cannot in Conscience joyn with the Presbyterians, or receive the Sacrament at their Hands, and where there is not one Presbyterian among them—is false in Fact; and I shall prove, that even in those Places where they have most furiously rabbled the Presbyterian Ministers, the Gentlemen have been dress'd up like Servants, and *à-la-mobb* in Disguise to make up and excite the Rabbles, and the poor Women made furious at the Command of their Superiors have been brought into their Crowds, the common People in general being willing enough to receive the Ministers, and not at all inclin'd to the Violences offer'd them, and in the Story of the Rabbles of *Dingwall*, and others, this has all been legally prov'd.

2. To say, there has been *nothing of Force in the Case*, *Rebearsal*, Vol. 4. N^o 16. is so monstrous, that I cannot but wonder,

how the *Rebearsal* can satisfy his Conscience to affirm a Thing so contrary to Truth; I shall not invite the Government to retract his Thing in the Face of the QUEEN's Proclamation, for these are Things so frequent now, that these Gentlemen make nothing of giving the QUEEN the Lye, as readily as an ordinary Body. But I shall observe,

1. This is more than ever the Episcopal Ministers in *Scotland* pretend to; those Gentlemen have more Modesty and more Honesty; and as I have had the Honour to discourse with some of them on this Head, their Answer has been to this Purpose, and I shall be very careful not to injure them in the Repetition.

“ That they have always taken Care to show their peaceable Disposition to the Government, that it is not their Principle to disturb the Peace, or use Violence, they only seek their Liberty; that as to intruding into Churches, rabbling, &c. it has been only in remote Parts, where the Presbyterians have not *Tutus Accessus*, where the People are averse to them, and where if the Lairds did not put in Ministers, they would have no Body to preach to them; but that this ought not to be laid to the Door of the Episcopal Ministers, unless it appear'd, that they justified these Things.

This is far from the Boldness of this Author, who far from mitigating the Offence, positively denies the Fact, and declares there's nothing of Force in the Case—

And 2. I must lay it at his Door, that he puts me to the Necessity of exposing those Things which I had rather conceal, I mean of the Violence of the Episcopal Rabbles in *Scotland*, in opposing the legally Establish'd Ministers; for since he will have the whole Case out, he shall have it from the Bottom.

3. He boldly asserts, *That the Holy Scriptures are seldom or never read in the publick Assemblies of the Presbyterian Church.* This again is so notoriously false, that I need but refer him to the Directory or Order of Worship appointed by several Acts of general Assembly, and the general uninterrupted Practice of the Church of *Scotland*, where every Minister is positively enjoin'd, and actually performs it, to read some Chapter

of Psalm' in the Bible every Lord's-Day Morning in the publick Pulpit audibly, and after to expound it, or lecture upon it as they call it, to the People; and this is so universally practis'd even at this time in the Church of Scotland, that I believe, he cannot name me one Presbyterian Minister, that dares to omit, it in the whole Bounds of North-Britain.

4. As boldly he says, *They have thrown the Lord's-Prayer, and Glory to the Father, &c. quite out of their Worship.* This is as contrary to Truth as the other, since by a Vote of the Assembly, the Lord's-Prayer not only had a general Concession publicly made to it, as a Glorious Pattern of Prayer—and very few of their Churches are without it written up fairly upon their Walls, as in England; but there is a particular Vote of the Assembly in Scotland recommending the publick Use of the Lord's-Prayer to the Ministers—And as to the *Gloria Patri*, tho' they do not use it, as the Episcopal Clergy there do, neither do the Dissenters in England; yet, if it is effectually included in the general Doxologies of all their Prayers—As it evidently is—It is far then from Truth to say, it is quite thrown out of their Worship.

After all, I would fain have Mr. *Rebearsal*, some time or other when his Leisure will permit, or the Cause will bear it, tell the World, how he and his Logical Country-man will reconcile these Proceedings of the Episcopal Clergy in Scotland, to the Doctrine of Passive-Obedience—And I am much afraid for him, that when he attempts it, he will find it very hard to get over this Difficulty; that either they are all Jacobites or Rebels, either they disown the QUEEN's Government, and so he grants what will be the unhappy Foundation of too strong an Argument against him; or that if they own the Government, and have taken the Oaths, then the Doctrine of Passive-Obedience is blasphem'd by them, and turn'd to a senseless inconsistent Jest, as it really is in its self.

What Mr. *Rebearsal* proposes to himself to set about the Defence of the Violences of the Jacobites in Scotland, upon such a horrid Foundation as a Refuge of Lyes, is to me an unaccountable Mystery, and must certainly turn to the Disadvantage of his Cause, and of his Party too in the End of it; since as Truth gives Confidence to its Readers, Falstity and Forgery make their Readers blush, and fill their Authors with Shame.

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